

## THE OLD MAN ACTIVE.

It must have been an inspiring sight to see gray-haired Inspector Thompson turning flip-flaps and "skinning the cat" to demonstrate that he is not old enough to be retired from the police force. These were physical feats comparable with the mental one of old Sophocles in reading his new play before the Athenian jury to prove his sanity.

Age need not impair the physical powers if the life has been correct and if the "hot rebellious blood" has not been permitted to mutiny. Gladstone at eighty felling trees with his axe, William Cullen Bryant at eighty spending an hour with the dumb-bells before breakfast and walking to and from his office, six miles—up at five in the morning and ignorant of fatigue—it could not be said that these veterans were lagging superfluous on the stage.

Instances of this prolongation of physical activity readily occur. Two other old boys whose octogenarian vigor may be compared with Gladstone's and Bryant's were Ericsson, giving proof at eighty of his soundness of mind and limb by pulling against two younger men in a tug-of-war and dragging them off their feet; and F. J. Furnival, famous English Shakespearean scholar, taking an oar in a boat with other veteran oarsmen on the Thames and outrowing a younger crew.

Plato, an athlete before he became a philosopher, is said to have wrestled at eighty-three. Jem Macs was sparring at seventy-six. Blondin was active and athletic at seventy. Two of England's great cricketers, Reiden and Boyer, the former living to ninety-six and the latter to ninety, were credited with participation in matches long after the age when most athletes, if alive, are on the shelf with rheumatism. There is no age limit for such men. Nor for a man like Capt. Diamond, whom the Sunday World of recent date showed hale and vigorous at 106, a centenarian athlete sparring and doing tricks on the parallel bars to keep his muscles elastic.

Such men are not subject to ordinary laws and limitations of life. For them senility is a meaningless term.

## MASQUERADING AS MEN.

The latest instance of a woman showing an inclination to masquerade as a man is that of Eva Henderson, of Kingston, whose career of deception has been brought to a close by a policeman's bullet.

Some mystery of sex which science does not explain has led women in all lands and ages to seek adventures under the protecting disguise of men's attire. Rather odd, the preference of such masqueraders has been for the career of a soldier. There have been many cases in the British army, among them those of—

"Dr. James Barry," who gained a wide reputation as a surgeon, fought a duel, served with distinction in the West Indies and died at the age of seventy-one in 1865; Hannah Snell, whose courage was unquestioned and who was wounded twelve times at the battle of Pondicherry;

Mrs. Christian Davis, an Irish girl, who enlisted to find her husband, who had been carried off by a press gang. She won a reputation for bravery, outlived her first and two other husbands and died at an old age. The stories told of these British women-soldiers relate that they became very much addicted to the manly vices of drink and gambling and the telling of "good stories."

Women also served in the American armies in disguise during the civil war, and when the Spanish war broke out there were numerous instances of women seeking enlistment as men. One notable case was that of Jessie Sherwood, of Waukegan.

But the most renowned of all women soldiers is Nadejda Dourouva, who fought in the Russian cavalry during the Napoleon campaign of 1812. She was decorated with the cross of St. George for bravery on the battlefield, and when she died at the age of eighty-three was buried in the uniform of a captain of dragoons.

Instances of the assumption of male attire by women in this country are numerous. Recent notable cases are those of "Murray Hall," the Tammany politician, who kept her secret undisclosed for a generation; "Mr. Charles Hall," otherwise Caroline Hall, whose death on an ocean steamer in September, 1901, betrayed her sex for the first time; "Ellis Glenn," who exchanged places with an imprisoned brother in a West Virginia jail; "George Green," of Petersburg, and "W. C. Howard," of Canandaigua, who furthered their deception by taking wives and living for years as model husbands until the accident of death revealed their sex.

## BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.

A correspondent of The Evening World, "F. W. W.," writes to say:

Take a walk through Fourteenth or Twenty-third street on a Saturday afternoon and if you don't see pretty girls enough to dazzle your eyes I'll stand treat.

No one will contradict the assertion, not even Manager Brady, recently alleging that there were not 3,000 pretty women in New York. But why does "F. W. W." limit his observations to the shopping district solely? Do not such sights greet his eyes where'er he takes his walks abroad? On First avenue as well as Fifth, at the Bridge entrance or in Harlem, or among the vast tides of femininity that flow west and ebb east across the Bowery in the morning and early evening?

A cursory glance at this stream of humanity as it surges through Grand and Canal and Houston streets shows the great prevalence of the little brunette type of woman. Nearly a generation ago a British man of science, Dr. Beddoes advanced the theory that the blonde was destined to ultimate extinction in the British Isles because of the preponderance of the brunette in numbers and the preference men were inclined to show for her as a marriage partner. He proved by his statistics that in England there was an average of four brunette brides to three blondes.

No American investigator has taken up this line of inquiry and theories with a basis of statistical fact are lacking for us. But a superficial view leads to the inference that what marriage is doing for England in this matter of migration is likely to accomplish here. In 1901 the distinctly blond countries—Germany, Norway, Sweden and Scotland—sent us 59,306 new members of society, while Italy alone of the brunette countries sent 135,396. The proportion is more than two to one and if with this we estimate a matrimonial preference for the brunettes amounting to anything like that indicated by Dr. Beddoes for England the chances are good for an eventual blondless east side.

## JOKES OF THE DAY.

"What plaster can patch wounded hearts?"  
Inquired the earnest pastor.  
The plaintiff sighed. "Such cardiac smart  
Are healed best by 'court' plaster."

"Deacon," began the old colored parson, "do you eber say 'Git behind me, Satan?'"  
"No, bruddah, ah do not," said Deacon Green. "Ef ah told Satan to 'git behind me he might stick me when ah wa'n't lookin'. Ah keep him right in front whah ah kin see him."—Chicago News.

"This thermometer is wearing out."  
"Why, it looks all right."  
"Well, it ain't. When we bought it last July it was used to register 70 and 90 most every day and now the pesky thing don't seem able to creep any higher'n 60."

Timkins—Miss Biffkins is certainly a match-of-fact young lady.  
Simkins—She certainly is. When she refused me she said she did it because her income wasn't sufficient to support us both.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

There was a young man from Milwaukee  
Whose manner was awkward and gauche.  
When he rode on a horse  
As a matter of course  
The animal always was bawky.

"I don't quite understand that fellow, Foodie," said Poison. "He seems to get along swimmingly in society, but I am sure he doesn't know much."  
"That may be partly true," replied Tolbut, "but he has a liberal education in what not to do."—Indianapolis News.

"He had three days of grace left in which to pay the note, and he moved at once to the Arctic regions. I wonder why?"  
"Well, you know the days there are six months long."

"My good man," said the prim individual, "why do you idle your time away? To-day is ours, but remember to-morrow may be others."  
"G'wan!" responded Modding Pete deviously. "Ain't to-morrow hours, too?"—Philadelphia Record.

"A number of her old flames have combined to present her father with a fire badge."

"Why?"  
"Because of the speed and completeness with which he put them all out."

"So you are not going to Europe again?"  
"Not for a long time," answered Mrs. Sumrox. "It is our intention to live in America, thereby calling attention to the fact that we can afford to pay the highest prices for everything."—Washington Star.

"Football is certainly the winning game of the lot. Do you play it?"  
"No such luck. Never played a winner in my life."

"You were talking just now about the initiative and referendum," said the man in the tweed suit. "Have you any idea what that means?"  
"You must think I'm a darn fool," retorted the man with the retreating chin. "It means that you can't be initiated unless you can give good references."—Chicago Tribune.

## SOMEBODIES.

BRADBURY, J.—one of the chief owners of London Punch, is in this country on a trip around the world.  
KIDD, BENJAMIN—the economist, thinks South Africa is a richer country than the western United States. Patriotic Americans may accuse him of "kidding."

TAPT, GOV.—is working hard to develop Philippine music and recently instituted a series of symphony concerts at Manila. Songs of the style of "Ma Filipino Babe" are probably barred.

WALSH, THOMAS F.—the Colorado millionaire, is causing to be built, in Washington, a fully equipped theatre in miniature, in order to develop his eleven-year-old son's dramatic talents.  
ZIMMERMAN, B. F.—of Baltimore, is the oldest living past grand master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. He is in his eighty-fourth year, and has been a member of the organization for the past sixty years.

## MILLIONS OF DYES.

The number of artificial coloring matters prepared since Perkins' discovery nearly fifty years ago of the preparation of aniline dyes from coal tar has been enormous. It is estimated that at the present day over 8,000,000 different individual dye stuffs are easily accessible to our industries, while at least 25,000 form the subject of patent specifications. The number of coloring matters furnished by natural agencies is comparatively small, and those that do exist threaten soon to be ignored in favor of coal tar derivatives.

## I WALKED WITH HER A LITTLE WAY.

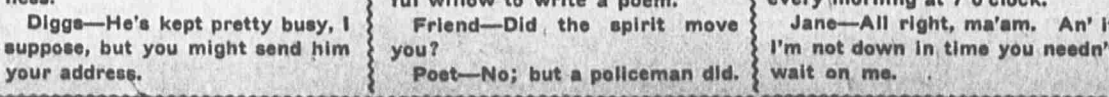
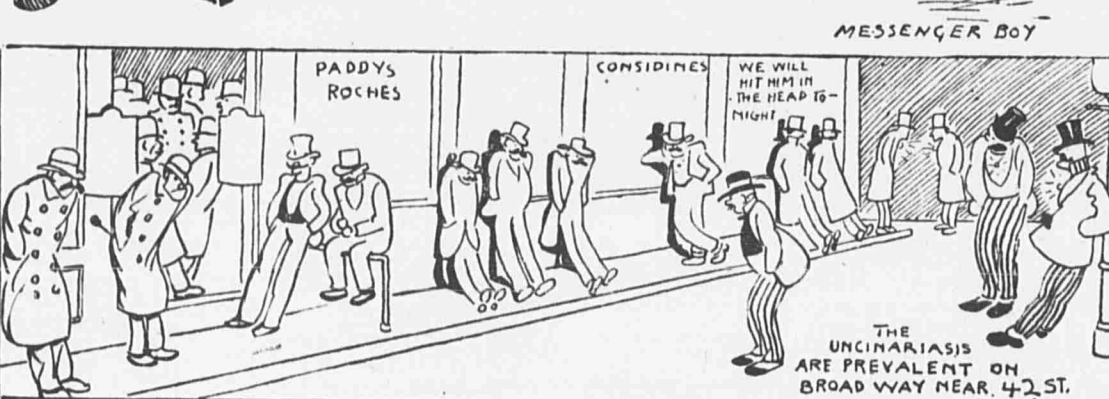
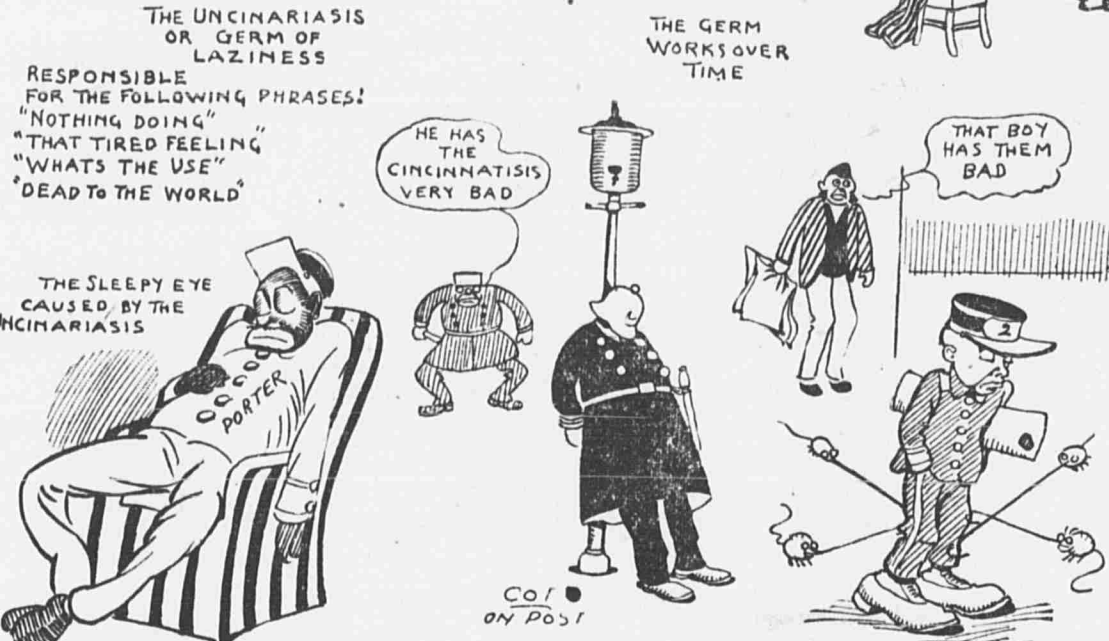
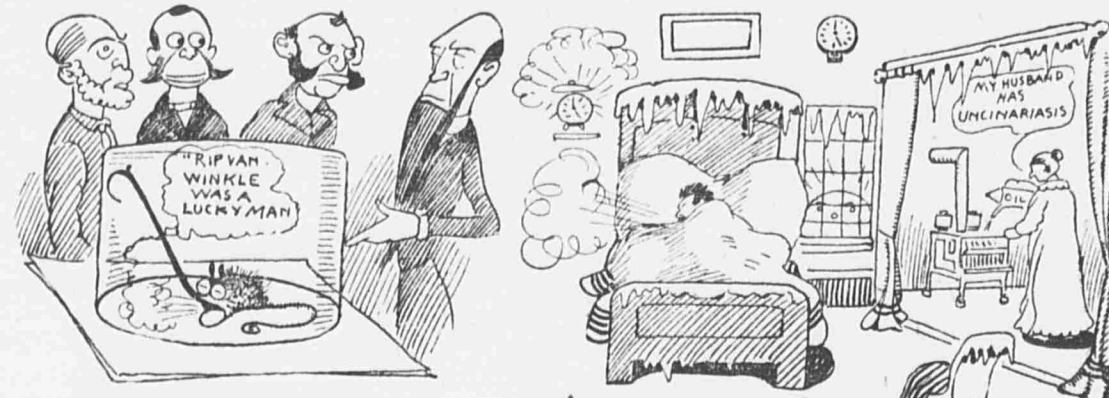
I walked with her a little way,  
And sidewise saw the rise and fall  
Of lace upon her parasol,  
And that was all I saw that day.  
I could not speak, and what she said  
Was only music; not a word  
Meant anything to me. I heard  
In ecstasy without a head.  
And in a moment she was gone!  
The music ceased, and then I dreamed  
Her hand in mine—and straight she seemed  
A vision floating on the lawn.  
Sometimes, when the summer comes,  
A day  
Seems different from the rest, and I  
Remember to forget to sigh.  
And walk with her a little way.  
—Harper's Magazine.

## THE GERM THAT MAKES US TIRED.

Artist Powers's Impressions of the Laziness Bug.

Dr. Charles Wardwell Stiles, as Zoologist of the Agricultural Department, has discovered the specific germ of laziness. He discovered it among the "Crackers" of Georgia, the laziest white people on earth. He says it is identical with the germ of uncinariasis, the fancy name of the hook-worm disease. Our artist has located a lot of

the uncinariasis germs on Broadway and in several local circles, especially in the detective department, to which District-Attorney Jerome paid a few strenuous left-handed compliments the other day, and where the hooks used by the germs never bend or break. There is a big job waiting here for the enterprising inoculator who comes along with a stock of anti-uncinariasis fluid.



## The Man Higher UP.

HE DISCUSSES JEROME'S DETECTIVE, JACOBS.

"I'm thinking of going down to Jerome and getting a job as a detective," said the cigar-store man.

"You'd be a shine Jerome detective," said The Man Higher Up. "You haven't got enough imagination. To be a good Jerome sleuth you have to have a brain that conjures up situations like a magician conjures rabbits out of a silk hat. They tell me this man Jacobs's gray matter boils so when he is making his reports to Jerome that you can see the steam coming out of his ears."

"I should think his brain would be hard-boiled by this time," remarked the cigar-store man.

"There are some things that get softer the longer you boil them," replied The Man Higher Up. "Many a man has carried a New England dinner back of his forehead for years and nobody ever got next to it. This is the easiest town to do it in that ever was, too."

"When Jerome first came out and proclaimed that one of his detectives had broke into Canfield and fingered the 89-cent ivory checks I thought it was an emission of normal air. I thought that maybe it was on the level. This feeling nestled in my bosom until Jacobs began to talk. Then I copped it, and now I'm playing Jerome to lose when Canfield's manager stands up in court to let the law take a bat at him."

"Don't you think that Jacobs was ever in Canfield's?" asked the cigar-store man.

"Well," said The Man Higher Up, "I dreamed I was in heaven once. With the brands they are turning out now a man can put himself almost any place if he concentrates his mind and can roll a big pill."

"Of course I'm not saying that when Jacobs started out for Canfield's he went by the dope route. I wouldn't accuse any man of hitting the pipe unless I had a photograph of him in his bunk. And some people wouldn't have to

if they were given a bank-roll to do something with and came to the finish seventy-five plunks shy.

"As I said before, I thought Jerome was handing out spirit-level information until Jacobs began to talk. As soon as a man lets the reporters get at him he has to be clamped to his position or it's a case of his reputation for truth and veracity running for Sweeney."

"From the conversation of this Jacobs I have come to the conclusion that the heaviest play he ever made was in a ping-pong parlor. I don't think he'd know a faro layout from a comic supplement, and if he should stagger up to a faro game he wouldn't know how to play it unless he followed somebody else's bets."

"As for going into Canfield's with false whiskers on he might as well try to go in wearing rubber boots and carrying a can of beer. Jacobs seems to think New York is a masquerade ball, but how he got Jerome to stand for the belief is more than I can see, because Jerome has lived here all his life and he knows the masquerade ball season don't open for a month."

"The next thing we know of Jacobs he will be disguising himself as an automobile and going out to hunt up cops who don't enforce the speed ordinances. He has thought up about everything else. They tell me that when he goes to a grocery to buy a loaf of bread he disguises himself as a capitalist so there won't be any suspicion as to where he got his money. If it is true that he got into Canfield's with a make-up on there's no limit to the number of turns he can do for the Reform Vaudeville Association."

"But when he closes up all the gambling-houses his occupation will be gone," protested the cigar-store man.

"Not on your green vest with the red stripes," said The Man Higher Up. "He can disguise himself as a street sweeper then and follow the horses."

## THREE PRIZE-WINNING LOVE LETTERS.

THE EVENING WORLD offered prizes of \$30, \$10 and \$5 for the three best love-letters written by any of its readers. Thousands of letters were entered in this competition which closed Saturday, Nov. 29; they came from near and far, from men and women, from young and old, and were expressions of all phases of the tender passion. Hundreds of them were very fine, and there was difficulty in selecting the prize-winners.

## SECOND PRIZE.

My Dear Sweetheart: I wish it were possible for me to tell you, dear, how happy your sweet confession of love has made me. Sweetheart, I mean, with God's help and your prayers and encouragement, to be more worthy of you; to be your shield and protector against all danger; to stand between you and the world, the cold, unsympathizing world, when sorrows and ills assail you; to love you with all my heart and to keep that love pure for your dear sake. May God bless you and keep you ever, as you are to me, the purest, the noblest, the dearest woman in all the world. With love,  
JOE.

## FIRST PRIZE.

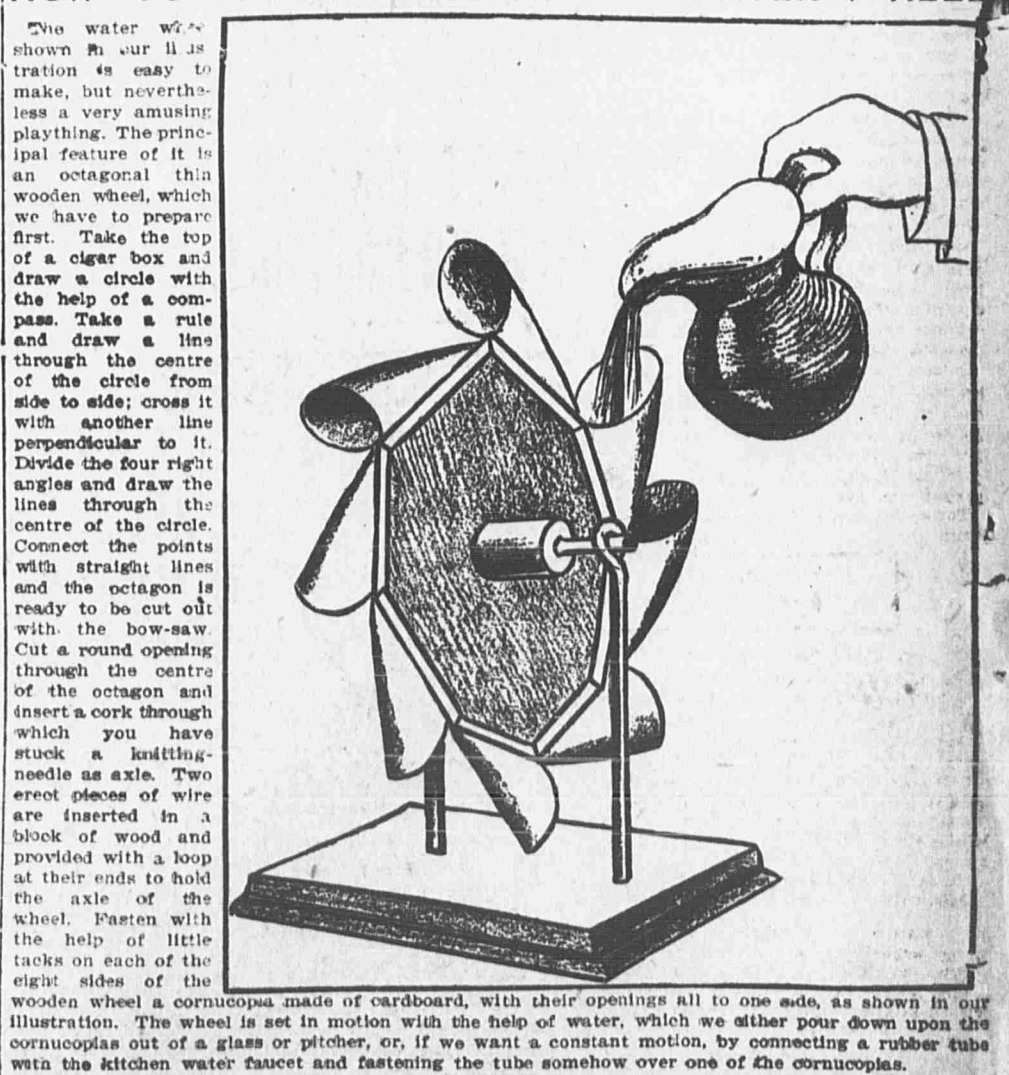
My Darling Ned: The beautiful flowers you sent me this morning make me every time I raise my eyes, as though they had overheard your tender words last night. The birds sing of you. The quivering leaves whisper love messages into my ear. The sun and moon and stars are typical of the immensity of my love for you. You are my sun, my star, my universe. Wonderfully sweet as life has become to me, to increase your happiness I would gladly give my life—nay, even more, my very soul. Yours forever,  
MURIEL.

## THIRD PRIZE.

My Dear One: Whenever I have tried to approach the subject of my love for you you have succeeded always in winning my heart. I wear my armor-in driving me from your presence, hardly knowing whether to laugh or be mortified by my defeat. I am in the position of a general who, having laid siege to a fortress at length is assured of victory by the submission of the enemy, but finds that captulation does not mean the surrender of the object of the attack. I am still gazing vainly upon what I had deemed conquered, and sigh in vain for what I thought was my own.  
LOUIS.

## HOME FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

## HOW TO MAKE A CORNUCOPIA WATER WHEEL.



NOTHING BUT PRAISE.  
"That Mr. Buessens had nothing but praise for your sermon to-day," said the minister's wife after church.  
"Yes," I noticed that when the plate was passed around," said the pastor sadly.—San Francisco Chronicle.

WRONG.  
It is intimated that the Japanese national anthem as at present played by military bands is incorrect.

THE ERECHTHEION.  
The Greek Archaeological Committee has decided to restore the Erechtheion. The greater part of the famous ruin on the Acropolis is still standing, and the fragments necessary for its complete reconstruction are lying around.